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CRAFTY  
SQUIRRE's  
GARLAND.



T E W K E S B U R Y :

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are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



T H E

CRAFTY  SQUIRE's, &c.

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**Y**OU lovers that are now to mirth inclin'd,  
Draw near to my story, and soon you shall find  
There's many a project young lovers find out,  
As appears by the subject that I am about.

In fair London city a lady did dwell,  
Who for wit and beauty did many excel,  
Ten thousand pounds for her fortune had she,  
And was courted by some lords of high degrees.

At length upon one she had fixed her heart,  
And they were agreed never more to part;  
Which made all the rest of her lovers despair,  
But one by the power above he did swear,

If he could not enjoy her marriage-bed,  
He'd surely put horns on her husband's head,  
And as it fell out. I vow and protest,  
He was invited one of the wedding guest.

She chafe him father to give her away,  
The bridegroom then smiling unto him did say,  
I thank you, kind sir, for this present most fair.  
He answer'd, I wish you much joy I declare.

But really, kind sir, if I had my due,  
 She had been my bride I gave unto you.  
 A sumptuous dinner most glorious had they,  
 With music and dancing all the long day.

The night being come that the ladies, 'tis said,  
 Prepar'd to convey the sweet bride to her bed.  
 The love-sick 'squire goes to the bed side,  
 And there kindly takes his leave of the bride.

But vowing revenge on the bridegroom her dear,  
 Now comes the cream of the jest you shall hear;  
 Her husband in France had got an estate,  
 And to sell the same he goes out of late.

Now, said the 'squire, this will be the time,  
 To go to the lady and beg her to be kind;  
 If I can enjoy her now while she is gone,  
 I'll make her a mother again his return.

Her husband having gone over the seas,  
 He goes to the lady his mind for to ease;  
 What say you, sweet creature, he to her did say,  
 Wilt thou not be kind now thy husband's away?

Dear madam, remember how I've been abus'd,  
 And how my favours they have been refus'd,  
 Come make me amends, and grant me the bliss,  
 For a slice off a cut loaf can never be miss'd

But what would my husband say if he should know  
 How I most unkindly have served him so.  
 Ne'er mind says the squire, the thing we will smother  
 No harm I will do you but make you a mother.

The lady cries to him, sir, at such a time,  
 Meet me at my house and in love we'll combine,  
 For since my husband is gone from home,  
 I am resolv'd I will not lie alone.



The squire then gave her a gentle salute,  
 And that night took his leave without more dispute,  
 Resolving to finish what he had begun,  
 Therefore give attention to the rest of the fun.

The frolicsome 'squire upon the same day,  
 As he had appointed with the lady to lay,  
 With the coachman, footman and steward agreed,  
 For fifty pounds, as a truth it is said.

With child to get all the maids in the house;  
 Or else for their pains they should not have a souse;  
 The coachman said, fir, as sure as a gun,  
 We will this night that promise perform.

When he arrived, away goes the 'squire,  
 Unto the young lady, crying, now my desire  
 I hope I shall have to enjoy my delight,  
 The lady reply'd, So you shall, fir, to-night,

The 'squire stript, and went to-bed with his dear,  
 And kiss'd and embrac'd with a very good cheer:  
 The steward with the house-keeper lay in next room  
 And the footman in the garret did lie with Joan.

The chambermaid and the coachman also,  
 To-bed with each other did lovingly go;  
 This story is enough to make a man wild,  
 For that very night they were all got with child.

In the morn the 'squire took leave of his dear,  
 And goes to meet his companions we hear,  
 At the Devil-Tavern without Temple-Bar,  
 They met, and their passime began to declare.

The 'squire said to them, boys, what do you say?  
 Have you won the wager I with you did lay,  
 Did you please the women and do them no harm,  
 No farther then getting them fairly with barn.

The coachman cries I'll engage never fear,  
 For I kiss'd and hugg'd her and call'd her my dear,  
 I doubt not but the fifty pounds I have won,  
 For the girl is with child as sure as a gun.

The footman said, my endeavour I've done,  
 I'll engage I have a daughter or son.  
 The steward said my game I don't fear,  
 I father'd above half a score the last year.

The 'squire said, This is very well done,  
 When the time is come I will pay the sum;  
 Unto each fifty pounds I will pay on the nail,  
 But he's to have nothing that doth fail.

And now we will leave the women to breed,  
 And to the lord beyond sea again proceed:  
 Having settled his matters he home did return,  
 Just as the nine months were expired and gone.

Altho' the lady was big in the waist,  
 She kept it so private that none knew her case,  
 So that day her husband came home to his dear,  
 He ordered a sumptuous supper, we hear.

His lady he took and kindly embrac'd,  
 And said, My dear, you look big in the waist;  
 It's nothing but fat, my dear jewel, she said,  
 Would you have me as slim as when I was a maid.

But before supper was past and o'er,  
 She made wry faces, beginning to roar;  
 The guest at the table began to stare,  
 But she said, The cholic, the cholic, my dear.

The doctor came there, her pulse to feel,  
 She said, I'm in pain from head to heel,  
 At which he smiles and shakes his head, (to-bed.  
 And said, You'll be better when you're brought

The ladies said, fir, what mean you by that ?  
 But still she cry'd, Oh, the pain in my back !  
 They answer'd, 'Tis true as the doctor has said,  
 So fetch a midwife and call the chambermaid.

A midwife was sent for, and when she came there  
 They called the servants all things to prepare,  
 But the chambermaid answer'd out of the room,  
 Indeed I'm so sick that I cannot come.

She set up her throat and gave such a squall,  
 The lord said the devil was in them all ;  
 He run in the kitchen to call the cook-maid,  
 But she all along on the couch sick was laid.

He bid her rise, she with tears shook her head,  
 Crying, fir, with the cholic I'm almost dead,  
 She roar'd 'till she made the house to ring,  
 And the lord like a madman ran up stairs again.

The housemaid rang another peal in his ear,  
 And the noise to Chester you might almost hear,  
 And the lady was brought to bed of a son,  
 Then the midwife unto the chambermaid run.

Where quick a young daughter was born 'tis said,  
 Then she ran to the kitchen to the cook-maid,  
 In less than an hour two lovely fine babes  
 Were born to couple each others, 'tis said.

When the lying-in women were put into bed ;  
 The housekeeper then began to be bad ;  
 Into the place for the midwife she sent,  
 Madam, to tell you truth I am bent.

Indeed I'm in labour, as well as the rest,  
 Why should I deny it ? it is but a jest ;  
 The guest in a hurry went up stairs again,  
 And put the woman out of her pain.



The midwife said, I hope I have done,  
And heartily wish you much joy of your son;  
All things being ended with mistress and maids,  
The gentlemen went to the lady and said:

My dear I wish you much joy of your son:  
It was the best night's work that ever was done,  
But answer me one thing if you can,  
Were all these fine babes got by one man?

Tell me who did this masculine thing:  
We'll keep him to get soldiers for the king:  
She blushing, to him no answer did make,  
While the lord scratched the horns on his pate.

He gave her a kiss, saying be of good cheer,  
For the joke's sake I'll pardon my dear.  
But you was to blame in serving me so;  
She said, Why did you away from me go?

There was candle above stairs, and candle below,  
While the gentry to visit the lady did go,  
So the lord had a nursery made for the babes,  
And has put the horns in his pocket, 'tis said,

The 'squire sent for the babes fathers straitway,  
It's very well done, my boys, he did say;  
And as for the recompence it shall be paid,  
I see that your masters are all of your trade.

F I N I S.

# OLD SONGS

*Printed and Sold by S. HARWARD.*

Children in the Wood  
Seven Champions of  
Christendom

Cat-Skin

Death and the Lady

Twenty-seven Songs of  
Robin Hood

Poor Robin's Dream

Plymouth Tragedy; or,  
Susan's Overthrow

Pretty Green Coat Boy

Squire Vernon's Fox-  
Chace

Famous Flower of Serv-  
ing Men

Wandering Prince of  
Troy

Choice Pennyworth of  
Wit

Yarmouth Tragedy

Golden Bull

Jane Shore

Oxford Ramble

Dorsetshire Miracle

Transported Felons

Teague's Ramble

Spanish Lady's Love to  
an English Captain

Northern Knight's Car-  
ol

Leeds Tragedy; or, The  
Bloody Brother

Humours of Rag Fair

Glocestershire Tragedy

Distrest Lady's Garland

Chevy Chace

Bloody Gardener

Berkshire Lady

Wandering Shepherdess

Factor's Garland

Broken Contract

Bite upon Bite

Blind Beggar of Beth-  
nal-Green

Bristol Bridegroom; or

The Ship Carpenter's

Love to the Merchants

Daughter

Anacreon's Feast

Death of Sir Andrew  
Barton

New Mad Tom

Cobler's wife's discovery

Disobedient Son and

Cruel Husband

Somerfetshire Tragedy

Welch Wedding

Lamentable Ballad of  
the Lady's Fall

Pair Maids

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